

THE

# SHAKER MANIFESTO.

An Official Monthly.

VOL. IX.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

No. 11.

## INTOLERANCE.

ANTOINETTE DOOLITTLE.

It is very interesting as well as painful, to trace the historic events of the past, and note the action of the human mind in its growth and development from age to age, and mark the changes that have been wrought. But we perceive through all, while Science and Reason have forced their way and established a throne among men, higher and stronger than ignorance and prejudice, still, human passion is the same to-day as in the ages long ago; and unrestrained by law, and the progressive spirit which holds in check the tyrant's sceptre, whether professedly swayed by politicians or theologians, would rekindle the fires of persecution, and cause the strong to oppress the weak, the same now as in the days of the apostacy from the first Christian Church.

Then, great diversity of opinions arose, and confused ideas concerning Deity; whether there was *one* God, *two* Gods, or a trinity of Gods; while Church and State combined their powerful influence to repress thought, and bind the tongues and consciences of the people, and force them to bow to the decisions of the ecclesiastic synods. And for trifling differences of opinions entertained, or expressed, such as whether Christ was *of two* natures, or *from two* natures, which no one could intelligently define, and entirely non-essentially, would serve to arouse prejudice, and cause a tempest of passion to sweep as a wild wind through a dark forest.

Again, when one claimed that Mary was mother of one of the Gods, and another dissented therefrom, as did one Nestorius,

who thought the idea inconsistent and irreverent toward Deity; for the candid expression of that thought, although just in his dealings and upright in life, a council of ecclesiastics condemned and banished him, and heaped anathemas upon him; and hoped that "his tongue might be gnawed away with worms, and his soul gnawed eternally;" and he died in exile on some lone island, or in a barren desert. Agitators and heretics were numerous in those days, and it was said "that every new heresy gave birth to some other new heresy;" and thus the fires of persecution were never suffered to die down. Thousands and tens of thousands of the pious clergy, draped in the livery of the hierarchy of their time, and who Paul-like, verily thought they were doing God service, were constantly on the alert to search out and punish heretics in the most direful manner that human imagination, fired by brutal passion, could invent. In God's name, and professedly for His honor and glory it was done!

Now, we shudder at the thought of such crimes as are recorded. Is not human nature the same in all ages? Who can say that the spirit of persecution is dead or "sleeps the sleep that knows no waking?"

*Religious* intolerance has ever been most ruthless, and is far more to be dreaded than civil rule, however rigid, when left independent to act in its own sphere, and move in its own orbit. But when ecclesiastic leaders reach out their gloved hands to grasp the civil powers, and seek to form an alliance, to wed and bind the two in one, then may the lovers of true liberty tremble!

Under Church and State denomination, prison doors stand ajar ready to receive heretics and infidels. That point gained, and every *ism* in the present, as in the past,

would be tried and adjudged by the most popular creed-bound standard of the time; while the high priests would sit as judges, and the younger *Christian (?) Associations*, just ripening into clerical manhood, would act as jurors.

If we would preserve religious liberty in its fullest, broadest sense, and give to all races a home on American soil with freedom to think, and act, irrespective of the opinions of others, subject to civil law only, we need to watch the juntos, the subtle, secret, so-called religious conclaves, at the present time. And those who are clear-sighted and able to see how cause and effect are related, should lift up their voices in defense of true freedom. Let every man and woman be guided by their own reason, and be amenable to their own consciences, and while they are law-abiding, and strictly regard the rights of others, be free from persecution and oppression.

May the testimony, like unto a "sharp sword proceed out of the mouths" of God's witnesses, and ply between Church and State governments. And while conceding the right of all religious denominations to combine their efforts to evangelize the whole world, if they can, we urge the necessity of keeping the civil and religious separate and distinct, as far as enacting and executing the civil law of our common country is concerned. If the constitution of the United States government was framed by infidels (so-called) so let it remain. Let the clergy keep so far distant that their flocks may not partake of the spirit of infidelity through our civil code and let the law-makers, whatever their own religious views may be, know neither Greek, Jew, Gentile nor Christian, as such to approve or condemn. Let each and all stand upon the basic foundation of universal liberty, whether Infidel or Christian, within the pale of constitutional law.

Virtue and moral integrity are a staff upon which we may lean with safety, while wending our way to the broad fields of endless progression, which are continually opening to view, as we journey up the towering hills that rise above the plains where the sun of God's truth shines brighter and clearer, and where myriads of purified spirits

drink freely of those living waters that flow from the eternal Fountain. Unselfishly do they give to others who follow them, and extend a helping hand to add their pilgrim brother and sister on their homeward journey, in those spheres where human passions cease their ragings, and love refined from dross bears rule.

Truth alone will enable us to see eye to eye, and bring into harmonious relation and action whatever is useful, good and true. The more we conserve Truth, the more liberal we shall be, and the less disposed to oppose and persecute others for opinion's sake. But let us beware of the hydra-headed monster, *Religious Intolerance!*

### THE ROAD TO RUIN.

DANIEL ORCUTT.

The history of many a wreck of body and soul, if written, would read something like this: "I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. They indulged my appetite and pampered my whims, instead of teaching me to control them. My career of indulgence began with sweetmeats and confections. At the age of ten or twelve, I put away these dainties for the more manly indulgencies of the cigar, the social glass. From these, the way was short to the theater, the billiard room and the card table. My conduct separated me from the society of the pure in heart; my vices made me the companion of the fallen and depraved; my licentiousness ruined my health; my necessities forced me into falsehood, dishonesty and robbery. And now I am without character, without friends, without hope for this world, or for that which is to come. Henceforth I have nothing to expect but a fearful doom from the justice of God! There is no hope. I will cast my lot with those who wait for blood, and lurk privily for the innocent that they may fill their houses with spoil!" This is the sad history of many a young man, who began "the downward way," with the seemingly innocent mistake of making the pleasure of his appetite his guiding star, and with a deviation from the straight path

so slight, that even parental fondness unconsciously leads him into sin. He goes on, from one wrong step to another, till "the beacon lights of virtue" fade from view, and at last, he finds himself among the workers of every abomination! Thousands of beings go down to destruction and death, by vicious habits, who began with no idea of reaching such an end, and realize, when too late, "that the way of the transgressor is hard" as well as foolish. Would you escape dangers that beset you? then heed the warning, take the alarm before you fatally strike those "hidden rocks" upon which thousands have been dashed to pieces. Beware of the wiles of the "adversary!" Close your mind against his first suggestions to evil, as you would bolt and lock your doors against robbers! You cannot be overcome without your consent. The key of your citadel is in your hands, and the enemy cannot enter but by the gate, and that opened from within. "Who cares for consequences? not I," has been the destruction of thousands! Ah! those consequences are fearful reckoners! If you do not think of them they will draw you to ruin! "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch." "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not; walk not thou in the way with them, refrain thy feet from their path."

Enfield, Conn.

## PRENTISSIANA.

### UNIFORMITY.

Uniformity is the legitimate outgrowth of union.

The way of *compelled* uniformity has passed. Shakers are entering the Second Heaven of the Swedish Seer, where each individual's *interior* becomes his or her *exterior*—they appear *without* as they are *within*, giving practical demonstration of their center of attraction.

In the Heavens before us—the Heavens of the Good, the True, the Beautiful—there is uniformity—not by *compulsion*—for the love of uniformity—all wishing to render themselves most acceptable, most agreeable to their dear Gospel Relations.

### HAMLET'S GHOST.

And what of Hamlet's Ghost?

It won't down—Ecclesiasticism is the Power behind the Throne, greater than the Throne, of one of the nearly balanced Political Parties.

We, as a nation, are nearing a crisis. The Ecclesiastical and Civil Hosts are about to meet in mortal combat—no quarters given.

The better class of minds, able to discern the signs of the times, have an important part to act—Let them turn the battle to the gate—tip the scale on the side of Civil Liberty—the Rights of Man—hinging, to large extents, upon the Elections of 1879 and 1880.

### "THE STARS."

DEAR EDITOR—In the above-named article printed in October MANIFESTO, the mental expansion, the mechanism of thought of a child yet in her *teens*, reared in the seclusion of Shakerdom, will compare favorably with the best efforts of maturer minds with the facilities of a classic education.

Such a production is decidedly creditable to the Divine Order—to the Purity of the Angels of God.

## STOP CROAKING; LET DOWN THE BUCKETS.

F. W. EVANS.

A ship was sailing in the southern waters on the Atlantic, and those on board saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship and hailed it:

"What is the matter?"

"We are dying for water," was the response.

"Dip it up, then!" was answered, "you are in the mouth of the Amazon river."

There those sailors were thirsting and suffering, and fearing, and longing for water and supposed there was nothing but the ocean's brine around them, when in fact they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe and did not know it. So the people even now, as they have been for years, are crying "hard times," and are ready to despair

when they have fortunately reached where the sources of wealth are opening all around them, and all that is necessary is to go to work and stop croaking.

Is it not even so with Zion? Have we not come to the good time coming, come to the "fullness of times?" Is not the spirit world big with the treasured human hopes of the past centuries? Are we not waiting, watching, thirsting, praying, putting out signals of distress to attract the notice of those not half so favored as ourselves?

Let down the buckets into the broadest ocean of good into which mortals ever sailed, and draw therefrom the waters of immortal life.

Friends on the other shore are literally weighted down with the precious treasures of long, fruitful soul travail, that they desire to communicate to the dwellers on earth.

Let down the buckets into the spirit world. Spiritualism has done its work with the first class of advanced minds. Now let it return home, whence it proceeded years ago to water the then thirsty earth; and as water or oil follows the withdrawal of the successful drill, so will souls follow the return to Zion of the angel of spiritualism.

Spiritualism has been leavening the first class of its recipients. It has been disintegrating. It has proceeded far enough with them. Let them be put into the hot oven of Shakerism, to arrest the further process of decomposition.

### MY SHIPS.

THOMAS SMITH.

When my ships come in from the foreign shores,  
From across the sea,  
The precious wealth of the sunny lands  
They will bring to me.

You laugh and you say they are fairy ships,  
But how should you know?  
For I sent them out with their sails afloat,  
Long—long ago.

One ship is Love, and she courses on  
Under Faith's command;  
And the shining cloud of Hope leads on  
Like a guiding hand.

And Charity, with her colors out,  
And her white sails spread,  
Steers on through the winds and waves of life,  
To the port ahead.

I've watched and waited their coming in,  
Though, as yet, in vain,  
Still I know they're breaking the swelling waves  
Of the rocky main.

Sometimes I see the black clouds rise  
In the northern sky,  
And I know by the breath of the old storm king,  
That he's thundering nigh.

And think of my ships, far out at sea,  
On the heaving blue,  
And then I think of the trusty hearts  
Of my trusty crew.

And I laugh at my weak and foolish fears,  
For at once I see,  
That the Father holds in his mighty hand,  
Both the land and sea.

But when the fav'ring winds blow calm,  
And the summer sun  
Goeth down in a haze of blue and gold,  
When the day is done,

Ah! then I think of my ships afar  
On the billows blue;  
And again I think of the happy hearts  
Of my happy crew.

And my heart grows light, for I see and know,  
That through day and night,  
Through calm and storm, will the beacon glow,  
With the promise bright.

My ships! my ships! ah, yea, they'll come,  
From across the seas,  
They'll come with their snowy sails afloat  
In their native breeze.

My happy hopes are not in vain,  
Nor my trustings o'er,  
For I know they'll come across the main—  
From the foreign shore.  
Canaan, N. Y.

There is no warrant in the Bible for a faith that asks and expects to receive without toil, that prays, and trusts to prayer to serve in lieu of labor. The Christian's faith is a soldier's faith, who does not make belief in his commander serve in lieu of fighting, but who fights vigorously and hopefully because he believes in his commander.—*N. J. Messenger.*

## SHAKER LAW.

G. B. AVERY.

*To all whom it may concern :*

Running in debt is contraband by Shaker Organic Law; and the adoption of any form of contract by a Shaker, which recognizes an obligation to make a payment or payments posterior to the date specified in the contract of purchase, is violation of Shaker Covenant law. No Shaker Society is constitutionally responsible for the payment of debt contracted by any member of a Shaker community; and, wherever it has been done, or may be done on account of past transgressions of Shaker laws, it is under protest.

"To hear good teaching and not obey it  
Is to run in debt and never pay it."

## SHAKER SERMONS.

*An open letter.*

BOOK AND PORTRAIT.

DEAR EDITOR MANIFESTO.—I am well aware that we have given cause of trial to some by the publication of a book containing the portrait of the author, especially when it was known to be a departure from the common usage and sense of society, therefore, as the book goes out, some apology or explanation is now in order. It would be but natural to suppose that the author was moved by a spirit of vanity for suggesting such procedure. The desire of notoriety or fame, if any, had but little force in producing it. The book was written at short intervals in the midst of other heavy burdens and labors, and was thought to be of some importance, and it was suggested that double the number of copies could be got into circulation by introducing the portrait of the author, than could be without it. The desire for this greater circulation was the lever that moved this little world. The *motive* was therefore good, if the *deed* was wrong, which should give some action to the attribute of charity in those who may have felt aggrieved on the occasion. The union of good souls, or those who are laboring to be good, is worth more

than any book. And as "charity covereth a multitude of sins," we can but hope this will not be found too large for her mantle. It was thought by some in the western part of Zion, that I had borrowed from or copied from Br. Jno. Dunlavy, which it would have been no dishonor to have done, for, as a logical reasoner, he had no superior. If I have given reason for this belief, I must say it is entirely accidental. I cannot now remember of referring to Dunlavy in any case, but I did consult the Millennial Church on one occasion. Eld. B. S. Youngs was the Gamaliel at whose feet I sat, and not Dunlavy; but I claim a more strict adherence to the canons of logic than Benjamin could, because this formed no part of his education. I claim for the sermons logical accuracy. Still they may not be entirely flawless—none can call them sophistical or illogical without *proving* them to be so. I am very sure I will thank any person of any cloth or color who will be kind enough to point out any clause violative of any canon under the "law of parsimony" as set forth by Hamilton and concurred in by Mill. Of course none but those who have made logic a part of their education can be able to do me this kindness. It cannot be expected that *all* of any profession will be able to see eye to eye in speculative theology, and it should be our labor (as a sainted sister of Mt. Lebanon has lately written me) "To bless all in their calling and gift, and to me it is an easy matter so long as sincerity marks the course of each with good common sense actuating." The writer and author of the "sermons" being one whose first word was uttered in Shaker-town, and has grown up in it and taken lessons from the most learned and knowing of the order, has some cause to suppose himself to be in possession of the faith by and upon which the institution was founded, and upon which it is built up, and on which it must stand. This he has conscientiously endeavored to set forth in the book now launched upon the world; and to show that the heaven has already begun to work, from what has already gone forth, I will make a short quotation from one of the letters lately received from one not of our fold as

yet, residing more than three hundred miles distant, as follows: "Dear Elder Eads, I received the MANIFESTO for which I thank you kindly. I was so much pleased with the discourse on the "Judgment of Sin," I read it over and over again. I like its sentiments, on the confession of sin. \* \* If ever it may be my good fortune to see you I will make a clean breast of it, God being my helper, as I am now fully convinced it is the only way in which sin can be forgiven, etc." The writer of the quotation is a man of wealth and respectability, but bound by a family in his present position. This perhaps is enough, as I wish not to claim too much of your valuable space.

In purest love to all,

H. L. EADS.

South Union, Ky.

### "THE RASCALLY GODS."

PRENTISSIANA.

—What a text for a Sermon!

All nations have their Gods—some, pretty fair—some, no better than they should be. The Gods are, generally, not much unlike their people—or the people are not much unlike their Gods. Which is the Creator, we will, if you please, leave an open question?

Some years ago, the Persians had a lot of Gods that lost caste with the people. The people got an idea into their heads that the jealousy and perpetual bickerings among the Gods had an effect upon the weather. When the weather didn't suit, they'd say: "The rascally Gods are giving us a bad day."

We are not disposed to resolve our self into a high court of jurisdiction for the trial of the Persians, nor their Gods, nor any other people whose Gods are "jealous"—"angry with the wicked every day," "laugh at their calamity"—"mock when their fear cometh."

If any people can derive any benefit from such Gods, they have our full consent to do so.

For the Holy Eternal Parentage—wisdom and love—we have high respect, bordering

on adoration—too high respect to bore them with toadyism—idol worship.

In their paternal wisdom and maternal sympathy, we find panacea for all the would-be ills that beset our path. We turn the little rascals to good account. We don't let would-be-grievances tip us off our balance, to say naughty things of evil doers. "Speak kindly to the erring," is not a bad motto, for men, nor for Gods.

To cultivate, to unfold, the germ of divinity—our birth-right inheritance—to come forth, in likeness of our Holy Eternal Parents—to deal kindly with all, is the legitimate purpose of our incarnation.

### EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF FRIENDS ON INDIAN AFFAIRS, 1878.

Ten days were spent in the Great *Namaha* (Nebraska) agency. The Indians were peaceable, white men (called Christians) had stolen some of their horses and cattle, and trespassed on their reservation. Schools on the reservation had been well attended. Of the Iowa Children, only one had not attended school. Of the Sac and Fox, but three had failed to attend school. A home Juvenile Lyceum was conducted by the older children during winter months with interest and profit. Three Iowa Indian families have carpeted floors in their dwellings.

Five Iowa Indian families own and use sewing machines. Every family able to do so, has fenced farms and fields.

Five Iowa Indians have farms containing from fifty to one hundred and sixty acres each; Iowa Indians have fenced in 200 acres of land during the year; planted eleven hundred and sixty fruit trees, two hundred and sixty grape vines, during the year previous they had planted four hundred and forty trees and forty grape vines.

\* \* \* The Iowas, although self supporting in favorable years for agriculture, are not yet advanced to such a status of financial ability to be capable, as citizens, to safely take upon themselves the control of their reservation and trust funds. Some individuals, in both tribes, are idle, and no madic, in their habits and character. \* \* \*



## IOWA INDUSTRIAL HOUSE.

Eighty acres of cultivated land are attached to this, producing, principally by home labor, all the wheat, corn, vegetables; pork, and much of the quantity of other meats required for the subsistence of the Iowa Indian scholars, who board there. The boys assist in farming, gardening, cutting and carrying wood, sweeping their rooms and feeding the domestic animals. The girls daily assist in cooking and household duties; have completed, with assistance, many of the washings, bakings, brewings necessary for the family; they knit stockings, cut and make wearing apparel, and mend the clothes of the boys and girls. \* \* \*

Number of full blood Indians who wear citizens dress, male and female :

Iowas .....	138
Sac and Fox .....	69
Total .....	207
Mixed bloods (Iowas) .....	73
Mixed bloods (Sac and Fox) .....	1
Total .....	74

No Indians killed during the year, nor were any white persons killed by the Indians, neither were there any Indians needing punishment during the year.

During the year Iowa Indians cultivated 750 acres, and the Sac and Fox 453 acres.

As a rule, there has been success in the farming operations, the crops, with few exceptions, having been well cultivated, and harvested in good condition. Corn raised, 30,000 bushels; wheat, 880 bushels; barley, 838 bushels; potatoes, 500 bushels; besides large quantities of other vegetables. Eight hundred tons of hay were grown.

The Iowas have 1,600 acres fenced; Sac and Fox, 500. The former made, during the year, 1,005 rods of fence, and the latter, 2,000. Seventy-five acres of prairie have also been broken. — In the ninth month last, a fair was held for, and by the Iowas which, though not very pretentious, was sufficient to show an interest would be taken in such matters if properly managed. \* \* \*

Only six Sac and Fox Indian families live in frame or long Indian houses;—the balance

of the tribe are satisfied to dwell in tents, tepees, or wick-i-ups. Two thousand lbs. of barbed fence will have been used during the year by the Sac and Fox Indians. After repeated efforts an Indian apprentice has been secured to the blacksmith and wheelwright, who makes good promise.

## OTOE AGENCY.

The reservation now remaining to this tribe contains 44,093 acres. Agency buildings centrally located. Of the costume of this tribe the agent does not speak favorably. There are divisions and contentions in the tribe. It numbers 474; of these 100 are in the Cheyenne village, two miles from the agency office; these have declined to receive rations from their agent. The Otoes are now more interested in agricultural pursuits than ever before. The chiefs and head men have generally left their villages of mud lodges, have selected farms and are breaking prairie. Fifteen families had fields of wheat aggregating 70 acres; the yield was good. They had corn fields covering 150 acres; potatoes, 25 acres; beans, melons, etc., 25 acres. The owners are proud of the results of their labors; it must incite others to follow their example. The Agency crops were 100 acres of corn; 180 acres of wheat; 20 acres of oats; 6 acres of potatoes, and 7 acres of vegetables. The school building is ample to accommodate the tribe; but quite a number of the children did not attend any session during the fiscal year. The school buildings are connected with a farm capable of furnishing all the supplies needed.

During the spring and summer of 1877, 119,848 acres of the Otoe and Missouri lands, the western portion of their reserve, were, under the provisions of an act of Congress, appraised by Commissioners, at a valuation of \$427,991 32-100, and soon after offered for sale, since which time nearly all the allotments have been taken possession of by white persons, claiming to be actual settlers.

The Chiefs and the Interpreter have voluntarily taken steps to form themselves into a temperance society in the tribe.

The policy previously pursued, of conducting a tribal farm for the benefit of the tribe, and paying Indians for their labor

thereon, has been continued. By the purchase of ten additional pairs of oxen, the Indians were furnished with means for breaking new ground. Twenty different parties availed themselves of the opportunity, and an aggregate of 150 acres are broken. This is sown with wheat, and looks well. The interest taken in farming is more encouraging.

About one-third of the tribe continue in opposition to all improvements in civilized pursuits. The industrial school has continued in operation through the year. After leaving school the children incline more to citizens dress, are able to understand and speak English, acting as interpreters for their parents, keep their accounts and manage their transactions at the store. The scholars are fully up to the average of white children.

The government has released the Quakers from the burden of the "Pawnees." The Winnebago and Omaha agencies are consolidated; the Flandreau tribe added to the Santee Sioux agency.

Philadelphia continues the care and oversight of the Great Nemaha and Otoe Agencies, and their tribes; New York of the Winnebago Indians; Indiana of the Omaha Indians; Baltimore, Genesee, Ohio and Illinois, joint action and care of the Santee, Sioux and Flandreau Indians and their agencies.

The cost to the Friends Yearly Meeting of the labors of its Committee during the past year has been \$894.51. During the same period contributions have been made by individual members to the amount of \$767.80, for fruit trees and seed grain for the benefit of Indian Agriculturists, and the construction of wells at Indian homes.

JACOB M. ELLIS, Clerk.

### LESSONS FROM THE CLOUDS.

RICHARD FLETCHER.

Consider the clouds; they toil not, nor do they worry. They move steadily and quietly, forming pictures to please, and shade to comfort, carrying gentle rain and cleansing lightning. What beautiful panoramic scenes they make for very few persons who

trouble to look at them. While crowds will sit entranced for hours in unhealthy theaters, gazing with dazed, aching eyes upon tinselled daubs called "transformation scenes," but very few care to look above the plodding of daily routine to the ever changing scenes of beauty amid the healthy surroundings of nature. Little does it worry the clouds, as across the fields of blue, dark and warm or light and cool, they chase one another, breaking the sameness of sun-light into many shades and colors, not only useful but lovely; little do they fret that mortals do not notice them more.

So should we quietly do our duties. What though the hurrying masses do not stop and applaud? Their breath, called "fame," popularity, worldly honor, etc., are wasted on very different lives from those of the meek and lowly followers of Jesus.

Some persons can look on the bright side of common troubles, saying: "All dark clouds have a silver lining"—a good lesson to draw from the fleeting messengers. Can we not go further? Suppose, when life's firmament, from horizon to horizon, clear overhead, seems like a leaden sky, with not a break in it for a cheerful ray to come (and all persons may have that feeling at times), oh, then to be able to say: "A leaden sky has a sunny side." This will be progress.

*Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.*

### THE MINISTER.

I like a preacher to strike hard and straight  
With fiery scorn, at wrong, deceit, and hate!  
Nor compromise a thought of his true feeling,

Or of the Holy Gospel's just revealing.  
The human heart his occult study make,  
His strife—the finer sentiments to wake;  
To rouse the slumbering manhood of humanity,  
And rescue hearts from worldly pride and vanity.

Turn the fierce rush of thought to noble action,  
Fill selfish streams with tides of beneficent;

Teach scorn of policy and compromising,  
From mammon's bondage aid the spirit's rising.

Before each soul to place a motive glorious,  
Till high ambition upward turns victorious!



## HERALD OF CELESTIAL LIGHT.

WATSON ANDREWS.

Teeeming with celestial light  
 Heaven's Herald, haste ye onward.  
 Ever toward the highest height  
 Soaring, call the nations homeward.  
 Hail the day and hail the hour—  
 Angel tongues proclaimed thy calling—  
 Kingdoms totter, lose their power,  
 Error—Babylon is falling.  
 Rise then, Herald, in thy might,  
 Millions wait thy saving power;  
 And to shed thy blessed light,  
*Now's the day, and now's the hour.*"  
 Inspiration—gift Divine—  
 Fans the flame upon thy altar;  
 Every precious gift is thine;  
 Speed thee, Herald, do not falter—  
 Teeeming with celestial light,  
 Onward upward in the right.

N. Union, O.

NORTH UNION, O., Sept. 28, '79.

Dear Editor Brother.—The above acrostic was written some time ago, but having seen no precedent for its admission into your columns until your last issue, I hesitated about forwarding it. Hope it will be satisfactory. One merit it certainly has, to wit, truthfulness.

All well, yours in love,

WATSON.

ME vs. US.

OLIVER PRENTISS.

Long time ago, I had an Aunt 'Rusha—Jerusha, some called her. She was my sainted father's only sister, born in Shrewsbury, Mass., in the early part of the last century. At a certain or uncertain age, she married Luke Hitchcock. Luke was one of the Massachusettsers that went to Lexington to pitch into the naughty Britishers who went there to raise hob with a few old muskets, called military stores.

They pursued the Britishers to Cambridge where they formed a camp and commenced organizing in military style.

When the war was ended, Luke went home penniless. For his family of small children he wanted bread.

The King's liberal offer of 100 acres of land, farming utensils, a cow and one year's

provisions, to men with families who would settle in his Canada domain, was accepted by Luke. His lot was in Sanbridge, east of Missisco Bay, second town north of Canada line.

Luke built a house, log-house of course, one room with a ladder for the boys to go up stairs to sleep.

Here, for a long time, Uncle Luke, Aunt Rusha, three sons and three daughters were a cozy community.

The children increasing in bulk, another room was added to the end of the house—and still they were a cozy community.

But when one of the children perpetrated matrimony, the *meum* sprouted out—"Father's end" as it is now called, must be given up to the married couple, till some other home could be found—matrimony spoiled them for community.

Is that the way it works generally? will it always be so? Will matrimony and *meum* forever be indissoluble?

Is co-operation the nearest approach matrimony can ever make to community? If so, we must have new earth, as well as new heavens.

The old earth—the prostitution of the reproductive powers, to purposes not nominated in the bond, begins to have an offensive odor, repulsive to refined sensibility of the better class of minds.

Who will break up the fallow ground and plant the new earth?

He—she—They, who has, or have the moral stamina so to achieve, will leave the heroes of the past back in the shade. Their names shall be *Philagathus* and *Philanthropos*—lovers of goodness and of mankind.

"It is a pity that a good share of the indignation visited upon wrong thinking might not be bestowed upon wrong living. A little more emphasis in the life is what we want. Orthodox doctrine without orthodox living is the shell of the cocoon with the meat gone—the frame of a house having neither clapboard nor shingle; and yet just this some people make their refuge, and then wonder when the storms do come that they are not sheltered.—*Christian at Work.*

## Editorial.

### LET US BE HONEST WITH OURSELVES

It behooves us, in giving the key-note to Shaker theology, that we give no uncertain sound; but surely to indicate to those who read that they may run in channels of Christian life, unmistakable evidences that *our theology* and *Christianity* are so nearly one, and that this latter so entirely absorbs our theology, that radical Christianity is all that is left us to practice, teach, or to boast of. While very unwilling to demand acquiescence with our views by those who would think otherwise; and while mindful that compulsion is no part of our gospel polity, we would not permit the lowering of our gospel standard through any worldly sympathy nor inimical controversy. We believe, and we know that there are honest seekers after the truth of Christ in all professedly Christian denominations; and as Christian professors we should accord to every other honest seeker the sympathy we ourselves would like. It only remains for us all — all who, leaving self and selfishness out of consideration — will accept Christ as the standard life, and as fast as our religious convictions will permit us, and teach us, and urge us, pattern our lives after that beautiful standard; and being honest with ourselves, acknowledge ourselves just so far from the perfect and desirable Christianity as there exists a disparity between *our motives*, lives and professions, and these same features in the life of Jesus, our Lord. The days of theological wranglings and moonshine professions should now be considered

antique, useless and dead; while the *living elements* which made Jesus Christ so lovely and adorable may be ours to love and to live by, to the same loveliness and adoration ultimately. By such parity of reasoning, we have a *living faith, with works like unto Christ's life*, as our credentials of genuine discipleship. We will not quarrel with our sincere Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopalian nor Roman Catholic brethren. So long as they honestly see genuine Christianity therein, it would be wrong to disturb or offend them. Indeed we know of much good in all religious persuasions; but we cannot help bringing to bear upon all of these the radical, fundamental principles of Christ's life, and wherein there appears a contrast, we ask each and every one, why this is so? With Beecher, we asseverate: "The servant has no right to *follow*, and cannot *follow, where the Master did not go!*" Realizing, as we all may, what were the ruling characteristics of Jesus, the pattern of our Christianity; and realizing, as we cannot help doing, that the lives of the great majority of those who profess a following after Christ, bear little or no resemblance to his; we would sound the clarion of alarm to arrest further progress from Christ, and blow the horn of Gabriel to waken the thoughtless and the sleeping to a just realization of the situation, and raise the dead in sins to view and copy the resurrected life of the Christ. This is duty on our part; and however unpleasant to distrust the imaginary prepossessions wrought out by earlier, but erroneous educations, "yet being placed in charge of the gospel, must we speak, not as pleasing men, but

God." Let us all be honest with ourselves, and demand for ourselves an honest religion, a genuine Christianity. Let us again lift up to our views the beautiful Christ anew. Bring the square and the plummet to bear upon him. Catechise him. Ask for ourselves "what shall we do to inherit eternal life?" And after viewing the beauty of his character; after testing the quality of his purity of life; after the rendition of our questions to our fullest satisfaction, hear him: "If thou wouldst be perfect, forsake all worldly ambitions, affections, loves and lusts, *and come and follow me!*" Then are we truly led to remember that his life on earth was one of *that virgin purity stamp*, which so beautifies the heavens; that his life was *so unselfish*, that with kingdoms at the command of his ambitions, he yet fared and shared with the humblest of his disciples, possessing naught that he called his own! *So peaceable* was he that he blessed those who cursed him, and prayed blessings for those who spitefully used him and crucified him; and *so unspotted from the good and bad of the world*, as to make us to feel at this late day that he was almost an angel of God from heaven, clothed with flesh! Let us be honest with ourselves, and demand for ourselves an honest, Christian theology. Let us, sincere Baptists, Methodists, Episcopalians, Romans, Presbyterians and all other denominations bearing the affix or suffix of *Christian*, compare our Christianity and our lives with these in Christ; and wherein there are differences, let us be honest, and acknowledge ourselves so far from being true Christians. Then let us be determined to be *Christ-*

*ians*, at any and every cost, wherein these discrepancies have proved us not. It will pay to be honest with ourselves. Let our theologies be secondary to the life of Christ, patterned by our lives. Let our theologies go into oblivion wherein these differ from the radical features of Christ's life; for this is better than all other theologies; and being thus honest in our endeavors to know and to live the truth, we will only be satisfied in living as Jesus lived, and thus living, will simply be followers of Christ, radical but genuine Christians. ☆

#### MUST WE FORSAKE THE GOOD?

In the initiative, let us particularly make declaration: We love Jesus, the Christ, so well, that we think no life better than his, and as his love of life was and is, so would our love be expressed in imitating his excellent example. It is commonly admitted that the testimony of Jesus was denunciatory of evil, and that this testimony was peculiarly sustained by his unselfish life. We do not, on this account, render to Jesus any especial credit beyond what we gladly bestow upon many companions of to-day. Ninety-nine one-hundredths of the people condemn deeds that bear on their faces the marks and intents of actual sin. Jesus was no exception in this. The world at large are ready to accept and to unite with us in condemnation of the sinful; and we must very occasionally give large and an increase of credit to some who are severer in their terms upon sin itself than we the Shakers are. While we have so much sympathy or testimony against evil, we find the largest, strongest op-

position toward taking one step farther—the relinquishment, the entire renunciation *as a duty, of any good thing or practice*. The great majority are against us in this; will not hear us, nor harbor the thought for a moment. And yet here is where Jesus became and remains pre-eminent—by the denial unto himself, and unto his followers, of every feature of worldly good, upon which we all so naturally incline to place our affections!

Do not the Shakers admit the good of marriage and reproduction *by the children of the world*? And did Jesus ever condemn it there? And yet, Jesus being “the Resurrection”—the life raised up above even the good of marriage and reproductions—did he not forsake these worldly-good things for the attainment of the very much better things of the spirit? Why did Jesus *deny himself* of being a good husband and father? deny himself of wife, children, houses, land, and did crucify his very worldly-good life, with all its affections, loves and lusts? And why did he imperatively enjoin upon his disciples, these same renunciations of worldly-good things—the nearest, dearest and most intensely satisfactory possessions to a worldly mind? Were his instructions of denial to these based upon their wickedness? Not so, emphatically, *NAY!* The gospel of Jesus meant progress; up from, out of and away from even the good and best of worldly relations and practices, to the formation of unworldly, regenerative, angelic followers called Christians. In his day his immediate disciples were implicitly obedient to his instructions; and they *left off* the practices of husbands, wives,

fathers, mothers, holders of personal possessions, children, houses, lands, etc., and forsaking the good and bad of the carnal, worldly life, accepted the life of Jesus as a most glorious substitute—a *better and the best life*. Among the myriads *professing* Christianity since the days of Jesus, there have been extensive, retrograde movements. Those very features which Jesus and his little company *actually forsook*, regardless of their most endearing fascinations to their worldly inclinations, are too commonly made sacraments of by the churches and people professing his name! Belief is now extensively taught that Jesus did not mean “*forsake*” when he said so, when he lived so, and which others *who followed him, forsook to live like him!* The *profession* of Christianity remains abundantly to-day; but ask a man to *hate the wife*, yet love the woman as his sister in Christ; ask the woman to *hate the husband life of the man* and yet love him as her brother in Christ; only ask men and women to forsake the good and bad which Jesus forsook, and which they must forsake to be genuine disciples, and there rises an opposition which vents itself in derision, contempt or in open, violent persecution! Yet here stands the testimony, unmoved as the heavens; here will stand through all eternity the radical truths of Christianity, which to learn, demand the actual relinquishment of worldly good, and the acceptance of new relations by humanity, better and best, and all in the progress of godliness. Let those deride who please; but for us, Jesus the Christ, has lived as a heavenly example. Our following, even imperfect-

ly, gives us by the world-loving the opprobrious epithet "fanatical Shakers;" while we, in "despising such shame," as coming only from those more unlike Christ than we are, will be happily content to continue in the life of Jesus, in VIRGIN PURITY, in a UNITED BROTHERHOOD, as PEACEMAKERS, and as nearly UNWORLDLY as was Jesus, as we can. Must we forsake any good thing? To be like Jesus Christ, to be his followers, we must forsake many good things, as well as all bad ones; and we shall be enabled to count all such forsakings, as decided gains unto a Christian heaven. ☆

### SPECULATIVE THEOLOGIES.

#### THE ESSENTIAL FEATURE.

It is with some alarm that some of our good people sorrow because several of the good and prominent brethren differ materially in their *speculative theories*; thinking that it savors of and advertises differences among us as brethren. We have long made public declaration, that we had gathered into the fold of Shakerism many of various inclinations as to the colors of their theologies. Among the Shakers to-day, there are many whose previous educations, theologically, were from nearly every one of the prominent churches; and from these earlier teachings they have, as yet, neither seen nor felt any good reason to wholly depart. Among us there are some with the "Atonement" theory still active in them; others with Baptist and Presbyterian proclivities; some who frequently quote the *Trinity* favorably, and others who believe Jesus was very God, and Mary the mother

of God! Thus are we comprised. And where is the harm? If one brother really believes there is an *identity* in the Mosaic and the Christian Gods, and still other brothers and sisters who are confident there were and are *Tutelary Deities*, who needs to object? Count us among the last. Amid merely speculative theologies, we know of but few who can see "eye to eye;" and we opine that the less agreements upon such *speculations*, the better. Even *we* have some theological speculations—such as perhaps we could rarely make a convert with, and never save a soul—but we have endeavored to keep these outside of the office of THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, and even out of our lowly pulpit, before our large audiences. Just how successful we have been in these omissions we leave our readers and brethren to judge. As we state elsewhere, the days of theological wrangling should be numbered among the things of the past; they should, if counted at all, be recorded among the very non-essentials of our religious lives. We, with others, have an idea of God. Our *imagination*—which means *the act of making an image*—pictures to our mind the best God of which we can possibly conceive; just so with others; and if we differ, who is to blame, and where is the mischief?

BRETHREN, SISTERS, FRIENDS: The essential features of our theologies do not exist in, nor with, these *speculative imaginings* and differences. Once and for all time, *let the life of the individual resemble Christ's life*, and what can it matter about mooted points of scripture, Gods many or one God? God's mother or a motherless



God? Christ man, Christ woman or Christ child? Away with all alarms about any mischief being done, so long as brethren advocate and live the *purity, peaceableness, philanthropy and unworldly life of Jesus, the Christ.* THIS IS THE ESSENTIAL THEOLOGY; and just as welcome as we make all of our brethren and friends to dwell upon speculations in theology, we would just as kindly ask for their absence in their contributions to the MANIFESTO, and make them just as earnest a welcome to the elucidation and practical illustration of the grand, eternal, Christian essentials, depicted so clearly in the life of Christ. And, brethren, are we not correct? ☆

#### NOTES AND CRITICISMS.

##### "STEALING OUR THUNDER."

The beautiful *Golden Rule* opened one of its late numbers with the following complete truism: "TO BE A FOLLOWER OF CHRIST IS TO LIVE AS CHRIST LIVED; AND TO BE A CHRISTIAN IS TO BE LIKE CHRIST!" If the *Golden Rule* does not cease issuing such resplendent theology, THE SHAKER MANIFESTO might as well hang up its pen. With only such material in the make-up of a periodical, there is only room or need of but one religious paper, and we can well afford to retire.

##### LIFE ARGUMENT.

One of the strongest arguments favoring Christianity has been that no one has regretted its practice on the death-bed. We present a stronger and strongest: No one having *lived* it, and enjoyed the purity and excellence

of its radical features, *ever wished to live or die* by any other life doctrine. The half-way, hybrid, hypocritical and pharisaical profession of Christianity which bears the name but evades the requirements, is sufficiently odious to make a respectable lower animal sick of it, and to long for a creed that teaches annihilation as a substitute. The death-bed is no place to create a criterion, but the active, healthy, good-sensed man or woman can tell the truth more effectually.

##### CETYWAYO AND ENGLISH CONVERSIONS.

"*The English shot us to make us Christians, and I ask pardon for shooting back at them!*" We ask any of the professionally Christian world, who in the least favor war, or a resort to physical, violent resistance, to be ashamed of their Christianity in this conversion of the Zulu King.

##### REPRESENTATIVE STANDARDS.

We have many among our numbers who pretty nearly represent the true Christian example. If there remain any of the dregs of self, or bigotry, or uncharity, these grow more and more of an affliction to such who are sensible of the defects. It is a truth, not to be spoken lightly of, that the grandest of liberality has taken effect in the bosoms of many staunch Shakers, and they will depart this world deprived of much ill-gotten bigotry and uncharity. Many only needed these losses to be emblems of what gospel work and crosses will do for a man or woman. It is one of the brilliant signs of the times among us, that indicates the more perfect Shaker, when

each and all can admit that when a man and woman come within sixteen and one-half feet of being a Christian, they are within a rod of being a Shaker!

#### HOW MUCH CHRISTIAN ARE YOU ?

In our public service, recently, Eldress Polly Reed delivered, among many good expressions to us all, the following advice and Christian Charity: "Some may think they cannot live the true, Christian life, and perhaps this may be so; it only remains for such to come as near to it as they can, and let their lives resemble Christ's as completely as they are able, etc." This brings up plainly and pointedly to view, and to the test, both the duty and ability of those who have made and do make the Christian profession. "Let him or her who is able to receive it do so."

#### MANY THANKS.

We truly feel grateful for the tangible remembrances from the friends of the MANIFESTO, in response to the call "*To the Generous.*" We would still kindly petition for action on the part of those whose bills are due, and would plead with the generous who feel able to help us to do the honorable in our duty to our publishers. There can be no doubt that money so deposited will produce a harvest very pleasant to think of when time with the loaners will be no more.

Spurgeon says he has often thought, when hearing certain preachers of a high order speaking to the young, that they must have understood the Lord to say, "Feed my camelopards," instead of "feed my lambs," for nothing but giraffes could reach any spiritual food from the lofty rack on which they place it.

### Correspondence.

AYER, Mass., October 3, 1879.

MY DEAR ALBERT:

May heaven bless your unselfish labors, and may the love of the good angels be most divinely yours, for the interest you have in keeping up to the true standard of our little organ.

Who will now reaffirm that we "cannot run a paper six months," when the verdict is that "it has steadily improved from the first."

Its ever white sail is being recognized by the great crafts that sail the great ocean of humanity, freighted with politics, science, physiology, morals and religion.

THE SHAKER MANIFESTO,

Long may it live,

To the new earth and heaven

A pure impulse give.

So hopes and prays your constant friend and brother,

ELIJAH.

Since penning the above I have re-read "THE GRAND EVOLUTION," in August number, and place it at the head of your very best productions; and I may say the same of other contributions. "There's a kingdom forever increasing."

E. MYRICK.

MOUNT LEBANON, Oct. 6, 1879.

ED. MANIFESTO:—In response to your appeal to the generous, inclosed please find Five Dollars as a mite toward helping "bear the burdens of the weak." I feel a deep interest in the prosperity and continuation of THE SHAKER MANIFESTO. I believe it is doing a great deal of good, preparing the way for the coming of Christ to many, honest, truth-seeking souls.

After reading the notice in the September Number of THE SHAKER MANIFESTO of the SHAKER SERMONS, I sat down and wrote for one of the books, and I am very desirous of its early issue.

Yours truly,

AVERY ALLEN.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1879.

MY DEAR BROTHER—It is not in our hearts to flatter you nor THE SHAKER MANIFESTO, but we think it steadily grows better, and must increase its sphere of usefulness, and

be accepted as an encouragement by all seekers after the truth.

Believe me, Yours,  
D. C. BRAINARD.

SHAKERS, N. Y., Oct. 17, 1879.

G. A. LOMAS: Find inclosed five dollars, which accept as my humble contribution to the valuable MANIFESTO.

JNO. W. DYE.

[Our noble Bro. Dye would not give consent to the use of his name, and the mention of his deed; but we insisted upon "letting his light shine" for benefit of others.—ED.]

BELOVED EDITOR.—The following caution appears so very timely and important that we desire its reproduction in our "MANIFESTO:"

THE MINISTRY.

#### POISONS IN FARMERS' HANDS.

The great increase during the past thirty years in the variety and number of insects which destroy the farmers' crops has made it necessary, for purposes of defense, to purchase and have upon the premises some very active poisonous agents, mineral and vegetable. Among these may be named Paris green, for destroying the potato beetle; hellebore powder, for the currant worms, rose bugs, etc.; and strychnine, for crows, blackbirds, etc., in corn-fields. These comprise some of the most potent and deadly poisons known to science. By far the most dangerous is Paris green, because it has come into such general use it is found in almost every farm house in the country.

Now, it is a well-known principle in human conduct that familiarity with danger engenders indifference, carelessness and negligence, and consequently, however timid and cautious one may be in the first handling of dangerous implements or agents, in the course of time extraordinary safeguards are not thought of, and great recklessness succeeds to extreme caution. We were impressed with this fact by fortunately happening to observe a farmer, in the hurry of hay time in July, seize a wooden stirrer which had been used to mix Paris green with flour, and thrust it into a stone pitcher containing oat meal and water designed for the men in the field. Of course the peril

was instantly pointed out, the beverage was thrown away, and perhaps life was saved. It was an incident well calculated to create a feeling of apprehension in regard to the employment of this poison by farmers. It was kept in a tool house, where also was the package of oat meal, and here the mixing of the poison and the beverage took place. The stirrer, covered with the green powder, was the implement nearest at hand, and it was thoughtlessly seized in the hurry of the moment.

All these conditions and circumstances show great carelessness, but is it greater than that shown by others in different ways? We fear not! In the first place, no poisonous substances should be stored on farm premises, unless it be in an unused cellar or outbuilding. It is better to make a tight box, large enough to hold all the poisons needed to be kept on hand, together with dredging boxes, stirrers, etc., and place this in a secure place, away from tools, foods, etc., also from animals.

Again, in using Paris green in gardens, care must be observed that no peas, beans nor other vegetables are in close proximity to the potatoes, as the powder might fall or be blown upon them, and thus reach the dining table and cause mischief. These poisons are of immense benefit to farmers, but, like gunpowder and other useful but dangerous agents, they should be used with intelligent and constant care.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

#### THE PUNISHED.

ELLA WHEELER.

Not they who know the awful gibbet's anguish,

Not they who while sad years go by them,

The sunless cells of lonely prisons languish,  
Do suffer fullest penalty for sin.

'Tis they who walk the highways unsuspected,

Yet with grim fear forever at their side,  
Who clasp the corpse of some sin undetected,

A corpse no grave or coffin lid can hide.

'Tis they who are in their own chambers haunted

By thoughts that like unwelcome guests intrude,

And sit down uninvited and unwanted,

And make a nightmare of the solitude.

—*The Cape Times, Africa.*

## Society Record.

### LATE SOCIETY LOSSES.

At Pleasant Hill, aged 81 years, SARAH POOL.

Also, ZACHARIAH BURNETT, aged 77 years.

Also, CHARLOTTE RUNYON, aged 93 years.

Also, EDMOND BRYANT, aged 90 years.

At Canterbury, N. H., Sept. 23, MARIAN E. MONTAGUE, aged 19 years.

At Enfield, Conn., Sept. 24, EMILY FAIR, aged 39 years.

## Home Topics.

### EGGS, EGGS.

**BOILED EGGS.**—The best way to boil eggs is not to boil them at all. Put them in a tin dish and pour on boiling water; cover the dish tight and set back where the water will merely keep hot; let it stand there from ten to fifteen minutes, according to the size of the eggs or the preference of the eaters of "hard" or "softs."

**SCRAMBLED EGGS.**—Beat well ten eggs, have your spider quite hot; put in a piece of butter the size of an egg, and when melted turn the eggs in and stir every minute until all are cooked; be careful not to cook too much.

**DEVILLED EGGS.**—Boil six eggs ten minutes, then lay in cold water till cold; then cut in halves, slicing a little off the bottom of each, so they will stand upright. Remove the yolks, and rub a smooth paste with a little melted butter, a bit each of cayenne and mustard, and a teaspoonful of vinegar. Fill the hollow whites with this, and send to the table upon a bed of chopped white cabbage. Lettuce may be used instead of cabbage, if in season, and a spoonful should be used with half an egg.

**DROPPED EGGS.**—Have ready the skillet half-filled with salted water scalding hot, break each egg into a cup, and slip it carefully into the hot water, so as not to break the yolk. While the eggs are boiling, throw the water over the yolk with a spoon. When the white looks firm, take them out with a

perforated skimmer. Trim them neatly, place each on a piece of buttered toast, and send them to the table hot. About one-third of the egg is solid nutriment.

**"BOSS" WAY TO COOK EGGS.**—Butter a tin plate and break in four eggs, set in a steamer; place over a kettle of boiling water and steam until the whites are thoroughly cooked. They are very ornamental broken into patty tins, as they keep their form better. The whites when cooked in this manner are tender and light.

**HAVE** a saucepan of boiling water, and drop fresh eggs carefully into it; let them stand where they will be hot, but not boil until the whites set. Toast some thin slices of bread nicely, lay them in a dish, and pour over a gill of rich hot cream salted to taste; take up the eggs with a skimmer and put an egg on each slice of toast; sprinkle a little salt and pepper over, and garnish with parsley if you please.

**OMELETTE.**—One cup of sweet milk, in which strain two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, salt to taste. Four eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; butter half size of an egg. Put it in a frying pan, make hot but not scorched. Stir quickly together, milk and yolks, and lastly whites, stir lightly and pour all into the hot butter. When browned lightly at bottom, turn one-half over the other and serve.

Readers of newspapers often meet with the term "car load," but few of them know just what or how much it is. The Saint Louis Times has taken the trouble to learn and says, as a general rule, 20,000 pounds, or 70 barrels of salt, 70 of lime, 90 of flour, 60 of whisky, 200 sacks of flour, 6 cords of soft wood, 18 to 20 head of cattle, 50 to 60 head of hogs, 80 to a hundred head of sheep, 9,000 feet of solid boards, 17,000 feet of siding, 13,000 feet of flooring, 40,000 shingles, one-half less of hard lumber, one fourth less of green lumber, one-tenth of joists, scantling and all other large timber, 340 bushels of wheat, 300 of corn, 680 of oats, 400 of barley, 360 of flax seed, 360 of apples, 430 of Irish potatoes, 360 of sweet potatoes, 1,000 bushels of bran.

**CORN CAKES, FOR BREAKFAST.**—Beat together one egg, two tablespoons of sugar, two of melted butter, one-half teaspoon salt, two teacups cornmeal, one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon of cream tartar, mixed with the dry meal and flour, half a teaspoon soda, and two teacups of sweet milk. Dissolve the soda in the milk, and add last. Bake in a shallow tin pan, about fifteen minutes, in a well heated oven.—*The People.*

**RICE WAFFLES FOR TEA.**—One quart of thin sour milk, poured over one teacupful of cold boiled rice. Do this two or three hours before the waffles are wanted. When ready to bake add a pint and a half of flour, two or three beaten eggs and soda. Oil the waffle-irons each time they are used, with lard that is perfectly sweet. The rice used for rice griddle cakes and waffles should be salted when boiling.

A grain of blue vitriol, or carmine, will tinge a gallon of water, so that in every drop the color can be perceived; and a grain of musk will scent a room for twenty years.

**WHITE pine shingles** on the Shaker Meeting-house in Canterbury, put on with wooden pins eighty-six years ago, are still in a good state of preservation, and if left alone, will last a half century longer.

**LIQUID SHOE POLISH.**—The following is a german recipe: Dissolve  $3\frac{1}{2}$  ozs. of shellac in half a pint of alcohol. Rub smooth 25 grains of lampblack with 6 drachms of cod liver oil, and mix. A few drops are to be applied to the leather with a sponge.

#### HOW TO MAKE GOOD APPLE DUMPLINGS.

First procure good, sour, juicy apples, pare and core, leaving them in halves. Get all your ingredients ready before beginning to mix your dough, sugar, soda, milk, lard, salt flour and apples. Now make a dough as for soda biscuits, only adding a little more lard to make it shorter. Take a bit of dough out on the kneading board, and after kneading, roll this as for pie crust. Then cut in pieces long enough to cover an apple, allowing for lapping the edges. Put in two of your apple halves, sweeten according to taste, and cover apple and sugar with dough. Lay your dumplings in your bread-pan, the

smooth side up, first having your pan well buttered. Proceed in this manner until you get your pan well filled (be sure it is a large-sized pan, for they will go off like hot cakes) then place a small bit of butter on the top of each dumpling, sprinkle a handful of sugar over all; then place in a moderate oven and allow them to bake one hour. Serve (not too hot) with pudding sauce or with cream and sugar. Dumplings made in this way are really delicious.

**REMEDY FOR WARTS.**—Warts are very troublesome and disfiguring. The following is a perfect cure, even of the largest, without leaving any scar. It is a Frenchman's prescription, and has been tested by the writer: Take a small piece of raw beef, steep it all night in vinegar, cut as much from it as will cover the wart, and tie on it, if the excrescence is on the forehead, fasten it on with strips of sticking plaster. It may be removed in the day and put on every night in one fortnight the wart will die and peel off. The same prescription will cure corn.

**TURNIPETTS.**—The true way to cook a beet is to bake, not boil it. Thus treated and sliced either in vinegar or in butter, it is much sweeter than when boiled, and said to be more nutritious. I saved the vinegar in which my beets were pickled for dinner, and the next day boiled a few small, young turnips, and sliced them up in the same vinegar. I added a little fresh vinegar, pepper and salt, and no one at the table knew that they were not eating white beets, until I called their attention to the fact.

"I like," says Dr. Plummer, "the story of the old minister in Kentucky. Some one said rudely to him, 'you have been preaching hereabouts for twenty years, and I never heard of your converting but one man.' 'And who was that?' inquired the humble preacher. A man of fine Christian character was named to him. He modestly replied, 'I had not heard of that fact before. Blessed be the Lord for so great a mercy! And now, by His divine help, here is at it again for twenty years more, and if God shall save another soul, that will be two, and either one of them will be worth more than all this world.'"



## LEST YE CUT THE ANGELS' FEET.

"Because of the angels."—1st Corinthians xi. 10.

## I.

"Take heed," say the Danish peasant-folks,  
As they gather around to eat,  
"That ye lay not your knives with the edge  
upturned,  
Lest ye cut the angels' feet."

## II.

See how the Father showeth these,  
His "babes," whom we despise,  
The things that hide in our mists of pride  
From us the "prudent" "wise."  
When shall we, in our common life,  
Have such sweet tender care  
For the angel band of friends who stand  
About us everywhere?

## III.

Nay, even at our higher boards,  
When we gather round to eat,  
How often still with "upturned" "knives"  
We "cut the angels' feet!"—*The Queen.*

## POOR LITTLE DANNY.

There is a touch of Dickens in Little Danny's soliloquy over the death of his mother. We find it in the New Orleans *Picayune*:

I've just been down in the parlor to see mamma. She's in a long box with flowers on her. I wish she'd come back and bathe my head—it aches so. Nobody ever makes it feel good but mamma. She knew how it hurt me, and she used to read to me out of a little book how my head would get well and not ache any more some day. I wish it was "some day" now. Nobody likes me but mamma. That's cause I've got a sick head. Mamma used to take me in her arms and cry. When I asked her what's the matter she would say, "I'm only tired, darling. Aunt Anges made her tired, for when she came and stayed all day, mamma would take me up in the evening on her lap and cry awful hard. I ain't had any dinner to day. Mamma always gave me my dinner and a little trenty pudding with "D" for "Danny," on the top. I like little puddings with D's on the top. I like to sit in my little chair by the fire and eat 'em. I wish mamma wouldn't stay in the long box. I guess Aunt Agnes put her there, cause she put all the flower trimmings on and shows

her to everybody. There ain't any fire in the grate, but I guess I'll sit by it and make believe there is. I'll get my little dish and spoon and play I've got a pudding with D for Danny on it. But any way I want mamma so bad.

## ILL TEMPER.

A single person of sour, sullen temper—what a dreadful thing it is to have such a one in a house! There is not myrrh and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect a single home of such a nuisance as that; no riches, no elegance of mien, no beauty of face can ever screen such persons from utter vulgarity. Ill temper is the most vulgar thing that the lowest born and illest bred can ever bring to his home. It is one of the worst forms of impiety. Peevishness in a home is not only a sin against the Holy Ghost, but sin against the Holy Ghost in the very temple of love.—*Theodore Parker.*

## A HEATHEN MISSIONARY.

It is some years since the Chinese philosopher, through Mr. Oliver Goldsmith, expressed his opinion that, considering the superior morality of the people of China over those of England, it was little else than impudence to send missionaries there to teach a religion that had so little influence in a country where it had been taught for centuries. The disciple of Confucius also suggested that it would be much more to the purpose if China should send her missionaries to the benighted western world. What Goldsmith's Celestial friend imagined has well come to pass in these latter days; the religions of the East are pushing their pickets into the West, and there are Buddhists and Confucians in London and New York, who are not Asiatics. And now comes the Chinese itinerant, Wong Chin Foo, to reveal to the American people the fact,—which only Parson Murray, Index Abbot, Col. Olcott, and a few other theosophists have heretofore suspected—that there are other religions than the Christian, good enough to live by.

Wong Chin Foo begins his mission in rather unpropitious associations with a

number of queer people who train in the theosophist set, but it is unfortunately true that only very queer people are willing, in this country or any other, to give fair play and opportunity to a downright heathen. He is something of a character, and has quite a history for one so young. Though only 26, he has visited this country twice, has been an officer of the imperial government at Shanghai, and a rebel against the present Tartar emperor. For this last a price was set on his head, and he was hunted for months, never getting into such serious danger as when he put himself into the hands of English missionaries, who, finding out who he was, decided to give him up to the emperor. He remonstrated against their betrayal of him to torture and final execution by cutting into 18 pieces; but they promised to obtain him the favor of simply having his head cut off, and thereupon locked him in a room, and told him to put his trust in Jesus. Disregarding this very practical advice, he broke out and got to the coast, where an irreligious seaman gave him passage to Japan. Thence he came to San Francisco on a steamer which carried in the steerage 200 Chinese young women of the lower class, imported for infamous purposes; and on arriving he went into the courts and secured their freedom and return to their country. He has spent a year or two in study, and during the past winter has lectured in several western cities.

The addresses of Wong Chin Foo are not, so far as we find them reported, nearly so remarkable as the fact of his giving them. He does not make so strong a case for the Buddhist and Confucian faiths as W. H. H. Murray did in his lecture on the heathenism of modern Christianity, which made such a stir some years ago. Yet he puts sharply enough several contrasts not to our credit. He challenges any man in America, any missionary in Asia, to say that he ever heard one of the 450,000,000 of Chinese take the name of God in vain. How would we face such a challenge? The Chinese put millions of money in wooden boxes less than an inch thick, though, says Wong Chin Foo, if the missionaries should ever thoroughly convert China, iron safes would have to be intro-

duced to keep out burglars. The Christians have a commandment to honor parents, but a Chinaman would think the average Christian's love for his father and mother horrible neglect. After various such contrasts as these, the "heathen" naturally objects to the arrogant conceit that all adult heathens are destined to hell-fire,—which it is true, scarcely any Christian believes, but which a certain body of clergy in New York city recently declared in a formal resolution. Wong Chin Foo's self-imposed mission may be too heavy for him, but it cannot be called wholly gratuitous.—*N. Y. Times.*

### CROSSES.

A story is told of an old man who lived long ago. Forcible was the way in which he spoke of the struggle he had to carry on. A friend asked him the cause of his complaints, since in the evening he so often complained of great weariness and pain. "Alas, I have every day so much to do. I have two falcons to tame, two hares to keep from running away, two hawks to manage, a serpent to confine, a lion to chain, and a sick man to tend and wait upon." "Why, this is only folly," said the friend; "no man has all these things to do at once."

"Yes, indeed," he answered, "it is with me as I have said. The two falcons are my two eyes, which I must diligently guard, lest something should please them which may be hurtful to my salvation; the two hares are my feet, which I must hold back, lest they should run after evil objects and walk in the ways of sin; the two hawks are my two hands which I must train and keep to work, in order that I may be able to provide for my brethren who are in need; the serpent is my tongue, which I must always keep in with a bridle, lest it should speak any thing unseemly; the lion is my heart, with which I have to maintain a continual fight, in order that vanity and pride may not fill it, but that the grace of God may dwell and work there; the sick man is my own body, which is ever needing my watchfulness and care. All this daily wears out my strength." The friend listened in wonder, and then said: "Dear brother, if all men labored and struggled after this manner, the times would be better, and more according to the will of God."—*Selected.*

## TRUST.

ABRAHAM PERKINS.

ENFIELD, N. H.

1. Bless us through all cares and burdens, O'er the stormy sea of life;  
 2. Weak and frail when strength is greatest, Then but little we impart;  
 3. Precious, faith which hath preserved us, By the mercy of our God;

Stay us Lord in our af - flic - tion, Help us in the glorious strife.  
 When our off'ings are most perfect, Fee - ble is the human heart.  
 Nev - er can our souls reject it, Nev - er slight the liv - ing word.

Though the way be rough and thorny, Flowers often hidden be,  
 Still we ask thy kind for - bear - ance, Till we are made strong and free,  
 Un - to Thee, O Heavenly Father, Life and strength we will renew,

Per - il - ous the road we travel, We will ev - er trust in Thee.  
 Lord, Thou art our sure de - fend - er, Cen - ter all our hopes in Thee.  
 What the tri - al, what the conflict, We'll be loy - al firm and true.

## THE FOOD QUESTION.

The question of food presents itself in such a manner in England that statesmen and every-day people recognize the necessity of meeting it fairly. In the severe competition upon which manufacturing nations have entered, the land system of England becomes a heavy weight upon the industry of that country. Parks and flower-gardens and lawns and spacious grounds around aristocratic mansions are pleasant things to look upon; but they produce no food. Large estates, yielding princely incomes from the rents paid by those who work the land, may suit wealthy land-owners, but they augment the cost of agricultural products and cause much embarrassment to the people who must work for small wages or abandon the hope of retaining foreign markets for their manufactures. In former years England received a very large part of the American cotton crop, and, with the superior machinery in use there, the spinners converted much of it into thread, which was sold on the Continent. The nations now most largely engaged in producing cotton fabrics will spin most of their own yarn. England manufactures large quantities of cotton goods which are sold in the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, and to a great extent are paid for with coffee, sugar and tropical fruits, which she sells to the United States. But efforts are now being made by American manufacturers to secure a part of this lucrative trade. In some other articles of manufacture this country is likely to become a successful competitor with England, and the statesmen of the latter country do not clearly see in what articles their manufacturers and producers can pay, directly and indirectly, for the vast amount of food and materials which they must get from this country.

The manufacturing nations of the Continent, under ordinary circumstances, do not have to buy so much of the food of the people, and the latter are accustomed to the most economical manner of living. Capitalists and employers are satisfied with small interest and earnings, and consequently

they become formidable competitors with those of England. It becomes evident, therefore, that England must reduce the cost of food, or suffer in the great contest for trade with her energetic and persevering rivals. How can she do this? Very rarely are suggestions which are designed to reduce the cost of living received with favor. In a time of business stringency the late Horace Greeley undertook to show that more wholesome, nutritious and palatable food could be procured by families at much less cost than the articles to which they were accustomed; but most persons resented the well-intentioned advice, regarding it as an attempt to degrade them in their social condition. If an English philanthropist at this time would demonstrate that the proper selection and preparation of articles of less cost than the roast beef, plum pudding and wheaten bread of the English people would improve their health and increase their comfort, he would receive more rebukes than thanks for his pains. In this country one of the most popular articles of food in its season is green corn, and the variety of delicacies which are made from corn starch is such as to place it among our chief luxuries. In the Southern States the wealthier people prefer some of the simple forms of corn bread to that made from the finest wheat flour. But if Indian corn were suggested to an Englishman as a superior article of food, he would most probably reply, with an expression of disgust, that it is "horse food." Powerful prejudices have to be encountered in any effort to introduce innovations. It is possible that England's prosperity may yet be influenced by the judicious use of American corn.

## FIVE MINUTES.

At the commencement at Charlier Institute, Dr. S. Irenæus Prime spoke to the young men as follows:

I am invited to speak to you five minutes—and only five. Little may be said, and much may be done, in five minutes. In five minutes you may fire a city, scuttle a ship, or ruin a soul. The error of a moment makes the sorrow of a life. Get that

thought well into your hearts, and my work is done in a minute, instead of five.

Tempted to sin, remember that in five minutes you may destroy your good name, fill your soul with undying remorse, and bring, with sorrow, your father's gray hair to the grave. But if you can do so much evil, so you may do a mighty sum of good in five minutes.

You may decide to live for usefulness and honor. Every thing hangs on that choice, and it may be made in five minutes.

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves; take care of the minutes and the hours are safe. I made a little book in this way; in the breakfast-room were pen and ink and paper; and if, when the hour for breakfast came, all was not ready, I wrote a few words or lines, as time allowed. The book was finished, and it had been published scarcely a week before I heard it had saved a soul; it has saved many since. It did not cost me one minute that would have been used for any thing else.

Five minutes in the morning, and as many in the evening, will make you the master of a new language in two or three years. Before you are of middle age you may speak all the modern tongues, if you will but improve the spare minutes of the years now flying by.

Minutes are more than jewels; they are "the stuff that life is made of;" they are diamond stepping-stones to wisdom, usefulness and wealth; the ladder to Heaven.

It will not take five minutes to do a good deed, and one day will make a life of honor and usefulness, with glory beyond.

#### "PLEASE STOP MY—" WHAT?

"Times are hard, money is scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty. Please stop my—" Whisky? "Oh no! times are not hard enough for that yet. But there is something else that costs me a large amount of money every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—" Tobacco, cigars and snuff? "No, no! not these. But I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—"

Ribbons, jewels, ornaments and trinkets? "Not at all—not at all! pride must be fostered, if times are ever so hard. But I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction; please stop my—" Tea, coffee, and needless and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no, no! not these. I cannot think of a sacrifice; I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs eight cents a month—one dollar a year; I must save that. Please stop my paper; that will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brains."—[Household.

#### DISINFECTANTS.

The Commission of Experts appointed by the National Board of Health to prepare a circular embodying familiar instructions for disinfectants, have made a report to the board. The disinfectants to be used are: First, roll sulphur for fumigation; second, sulphate of iron and copperas dissolved in water in the proportion of 1½ pounds to a gallon for soil, sewers, etc.; third, sulphate of zinc and common salt dissolved together in water in the proportion of four ounces of sulphate of zinc and two ounces of salt to a gallon of water for clothing, bed linen, etc. The commission excludes carbolic acid for the reason that it is difficult to secure the proper quality, and that it must be used in large quantities to be of service.

#### THE HEARTS OF THE LOWLY.

One day three or four weeks ago a gamin, who seemed to have no friends in the world, was run over by a vehicle on Gratiot avenue, and fatally injured. After he had been in the hospital for a week, a boy about his own age and size, and looking as friendless and forlorn, called to ask about him and to leave an orange. He seemed much embarrassed, and would answer no questions. After that he came daily, always bringing something, if no more than an apple. Last week, when the nurse told him that Billy had no chance to get well, the strange boy waited around longer than usual, and finally asked if he could go in. He had been invited to many times before, but had always



refused. Billy, pale and weak and emaciated, opened his eyes in wonder at sight of the boy, and before he realized who it was the stranger bent close to his face and sobbed:

"Billy, can you forgive a feller? We was allus fighting and I was allus too much for ye, but I'm sorry! 'Fore ye die won't ye tell me ye haven't any grudge agin me?"

The young lad, then almost in the shadow of death, reached up his thin, white arms, clasped them around the other's neck, and replied:

"Don't cry, Bob—don't feel bad! I was ugly and mean, and I was heaving a stone at ye when the wagon hit me. If ye'll forgive me I'll forgive you, and I'll pray for both o' us!"

Bob was half an hour late the morning Billy died. When the nurse took him to the shrouded corpse he kissed the pale face tenderly and gasped:

"D-did he say any thing about—about me?"

"He spoke of you just before he died—asked if you were here," replied the nurse.

"And may I go—go to the funeral?"

"You may."

And he did. He was the only mourner. His heart was the only one that ached. No tears were shed by others, and they left him sitting by the new-made grave with heart so big that he could not speak.

If, under the crust of vice and ignorance, there are such springs of pure feeling and true nobility, who shall grow weary of doing good?—*Detroit Free Press.*

### THE VAST WASTE OF LIFE AND MONEY.

The *St. Petersburg Gazette* publishes a summary of the cost in lives and money of the great wars of the last twenty-five years. The Crimean war cost the lives of 750,000 men; the Italian war (1859), 45,000; Schleswig-Holstein war, 3,000; the Prusso-Austrian war (1866), 45,000; the Mexican Expedition, 65,000; the Franco-Prussian war, 215,000; the Russo-Turkish war, 600,000; a total of 1,748,000, or with the 800,000 killed in the American Rebellion, 2,548,000. This number does not include deaths from

the various diseases incident to war. The cost in money is estimated as follows, viz.: The Crimean war cost the countries engaged \$1,700,000,000; the Italian, \$300,000,000; the American, \$7,400,000,000; the Schleswig-Holstein, \$35,000,000; the Prusso-Austrian, \$330,000,000; the Mexican Expedition, \$200,000,000; the Franco-Prussian, \$2,500,000,000; the Russo-Turkish, \$1,350,000,000; a total of \$13,715,000,000.

### BUSINESS MORALITY.

Religion bids men be honest, not because honesty is the best policy merely; be truthful, not because lying is unmanly only; be temperate, not because intemperate habits weaken the intellect and impair the vital energy, and, in short, put you outside the pale of society; but be all these from one supreme, absorbing motive, the fear you have of offending a loving God. It will be the thought of God and of Christ which will alone make us true to man. Our religion will not be of that kind which displays deep emotion in the words of our lips, and then goes out to drive very hard bargains, if not to steal. And what do some men mean by this business morality? Surely not that God allows and winks at some recognized code of signals by which, if one man can overreach another, it is all fair play. Are the strict commandments of God to be admitted in the church, and an expurgated and revised edition hung up in the counting house? Of many business transactions it may be said, "Everybody does it;" but the Christian man will say, "So do not I, because of the fear of God."

### PRAY, SISTERS, PRAY.

When women pray,  
The dear Lord listens well. He only knows  
How many piercing thorns fall in their  
way

For every rose.

He sees alone,  
Of countless heavenly seeds their weak  
hands sow,  
And tend with hope, how many fall for  
one

That cares to grow.

He, only He,  
Can gauge the love that, faithful waited on  
Beside the Martyr's cross at Calvary  
When all were gone.

ne  
i.  
ed  
0;  
ss-  
o-  
e-  
n,  
r-

se  
h-  
oe  
ts  
al  
ae  
ae  
u  
oe  
ll  
on  
rs  
d  
if  
n  
t  
d  
n  
e  
l-  
d  
g  
t  
t  
,

s  
r

k  
r

n